

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi"

Andrew Price, Editor.

VOL. 18, NO. 17

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 16, 1899.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

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Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

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Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

**J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,**  
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Office and residence opposite C. A. Yeager's Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

**THE SINGLE GANDER FEATHER.**  
Full proud the ostrich plumes that once  
O'er women's banners daugled;  
The dainty bird of paradise,  
Or plumage newer fangled;  
But now to fashion's limbo straight  
All these must go together.  
As kneel we to the girl who wears  
The single gander feather!

More tempting badge was never donned  
By sweet and saucy maiden,  
It's like a challenge to mankind,  
With taunting laughter laden;  
But comes it on our ravished sight  
In fair or stormy weather,  
It's victory to the girl who wears  
The single gander feather!

—St. Louis Republic.

**Odds and Ends.**  
Many have wondered how the poet Kipling will treat the capture of the detached column of troops in the Transvaal, where about two thousand troops lived to surrender. We have been forced to anticipate him as Kiplings pieces travel so slow on account of the iniquitous copyright.

**TOMMY'S SOLILOQUY.**  
Says Tommy Atkins in the trenches on the hill:  
"There's the blasted bloomin' beggars hi have been employed to kill.  
They 'ad best be orful careful and stop and draw a breath  
When they rush han Hinglish regiment they're bidding high for death.  
Ho, hi'm no termater can!  
Hi'm a British sodger man,  
And they'd better stand from under such as we;  
We will ram 'em and we'll jam 'em  
We will make a point to dam 'em  
We are fixing for to do a massacre;  
They will get a belly full  
Ere they satiate John Bull,  
We are in the killing business in the Queen's Armee.  
"Them poor deluded Dutchmen are a-swarming to the top,  
Why don't some good kind creature give 'em the tip to stop,  
The bullets from the Mausers is a kicking up the dirt,  
If they comes on much further somebody will get hurt!  
Oh ye blooming blasted fools  
Holding them Kentucky mules,  
Don't you see that they are trying to stampe;  
Head 'em off! holler 'whoo!  
Don't you see 'em? there they go!  
It's the guns the jackass carries that we need.  
Fire, charge, bang! bang!  
Don't you 'ear the bullets sing?  
Ooah! murder! Ho the deuce!  
Bully! there's their flag of truce!  
Ho, there! tell me Sergeant Snook  
How many have we killed and took?  
'Shoe's n't the other foot,' you say,  
Has n't Hiogland won the day?  
'Prisoner?' You're a liar Sergeant Snook,  
Kipling says we can't be took!  
But took or not, Hi says right 'ere  
Hi wish Hi had a glass of beer."

**WAR LORDS.**  
If England was in trouble the people of America would arise as one man and support her in everything. To do less would be to show the basest ingratitude for her friendliness of last year when we were hazarding a war. But the reverses in South Africa have a comic side when we consider all that has been said and sung about the valor of the British soldier. Englishmen, remembering Waterloo, Sebastopol, Trafalgar, and such scenes, have become imbued with the idea that there is no stopping a British regiment.  
In speaking of the badly managed Shafter campaign an Englishman remarked some time ago that when the South African war started we would see no "Santiago business" about it. Since the remarkable capture made by the Boers he has been teased more than enough by candid friends about that expression which showed such full confidence in the warlike qualities of his home army.  
We have read page after page of description of the life and habits of the Boer, and the conviction has at length come to us that the Boer and the West Virginian have

much in common. The simple habits of the West Virginia mountaineer would also suffer by the hand of an English paragrapher, but still he may be a man for all that.

**THE POTATO.**  
The environment of the potato has more to do with its edible qualities than most people imagine. They are too apt to think that all potatoes are alike and if they perceive any difference in the taste that it is due to the manner of cooking. But such is not the case. All the Marlinton people who buy potatoes will go out of their way to secure "Williams River potatoes." These potatoes grow on the rich mountain lands at an elevation of from 3000 to 4000 feet in the country where the black spruce flourishes, and are superior in every way to potatoes grown on ordinary farm land.  
Common, every-day potatoes do not agree with our Williams River neighbors. One of them remarked to the writer: "It appears to me our potatoes ain't as strong as those you get on the low grounds."  
The Williams River potato has a better flavor, and when eaten does not lie so cold and heavy on the stomach. It is no hardship to live for months, as many of our people do near the pine woods, on bread, butter, milk, and potatoes, and no meat except game. Maybe when the excellence of the Williams River potato becomes generally known those portions of Pocahontas which are too high to produce corn and other ordinary crops, but which do grow potatoes to perfection, both as to quality and quantity, will have the great potato fields of the country.

**BUYING A CHEESE.**  
A man was looking at some home-made cheeses one day in a store in Marlinton. They were all little round solid wads of about ten pounds weight, each one hard enough to knock a bull down. All homemade cheese looks alike from the outside, but there is a great difference in it, ranging from cheese made out of cream, good enough to compare favorably with the Swiss, down to the "battered milk cheese" which is a delusion and a snare.  
There was a row of them on the shelf and an X-ray machine was necessary to tell what was inside of each. A mouse had been busy with one and eaten a hole into it. A bystander said:  
"If you want the best cheese in the bunch take the one the mice have been eating. They know how to tell the best cheese."  
The cheese the mice had damaged was selected and proved to be one of the best of its kind.

**The Mule in Peace and War.**  
Nobody ever heard of a Georgia mule stampeding. He will flinch and dodge, and go through other performances, but he never runs from anything. He has a battery of his own as efficient at close range as a Maxim or a Gatling gun, and on this he depends absolutely. Moreover, he never wastes his ammunition nor misses his aim.  
Speaking, therefore, in behalf of the southern bred mule generally, and the Georgia raised mule particularly, we could wish that the British commander in attributing the capture of two of his regiments to stampeding mules, had included a brief biography of the mules in question, in order that full justice may be done. So far as our observation and experience go, neither the music of many bands nor the war of artillery have any effect on the Georgia mule. He might object to a showy uniform or to the too gaudy trappings with which vain men deck themselves, but he does not make his objection known by stampeding. On the contrary he stands his ground and makes his influence felt in other ways.—Atlanta Constitution.

## APPLIED HISTORY.

Part III.  
BY WILLIAM T. PRICE.  
In reference to the ancestry of our people it may be inferred that our citizenship is of a composite character, Germans, English, Irish Scotch, and French.  
Such names as these: Lightner, Harper, Yeager, Arbogast, Herold, Halterman, Burr, Siple, Sheets, Casebolt, Sydenstricker, Varner, Hevener, Cackley, Gunn, Overholt, Shrader, Burner indicate German descent.  
Moore, Gillispie, McCarty, McLaughlin, Cochran, Wangh, Hogsett, McNeel, Kerr, Lockridge, Drennan, Gay, McCollam, McCoy, Beard, Baxter, Slaven, Hannah, Hill, Kincaid, Irvine, McElwee, Wallace, Curry, Hamilton, Sharp, Friel, McCutcheon imply Scotch-Irish or English-Irish ancestry.  
Warwick, Matthews, Renick, Clark, Gibson, Johnson, Galford, Buckley, Kennison, Adkison, Barlow, Gatewood, Jackson, Brown, Woodfolk, Hull, Cooper, Duffield, Aldridge, Duncan, Beale, Sutton, indistinct English antecedents.  
Maupin, Ligon, Devier, Tacey, Dille, Bassard, and Lange are of French extraction.  
Poore, Pritchard, Price, Ruckman denote Welch extraction.  
Kee, Doyle, Kelley, Loury, Cloonan, Seales, Roark, leaves us in no doubt that the Emerald Isle is their fatherland.  
These representatives of nationalities have blended and affiliated so that the characteristics of each fused and the outcome is a composite citizenship, versatile in their tastes and aptitudes, fitted for a destiny in harmony with the progressive tendencies of the eventful period, the wonderful 19th century.

It is noticeable that the predominant element as to numbers trace their ancestry to the north of Ireland, and are either Scotch-Irish or English Irish. This is explained in this manner:  
About 1611 there was a district in Ireland that was largely depopulated for forfeiture of lands, when O'Neill of Tyrone was defeated. Puritans from England and Reformers from Scotland were induced to occupy the abandoned property. These persons in turn had to seek elsewhere a refuge from oppression when there came a change in Irish affairs. Having been Scotch or English people living for a time in Ireland, they were called Scotch-Irish. In common usage the term is applied to both English and Scotch, as the Scotch seems to have largely predominated.  
About the time when on the lookout for a refuge, the East Virginians wanted a living wall for protection against Indian raids from beyond the Blue Ridge. Now when it became known that Germans, Scotch-Irish, and French Huguenots were willing to settle on the frontier liberal concessions were made by the Virginia colonial authorities, and it was not many years—1732 to 1750—a line of settlements were formed and the desired living fortifications provided for. Therefore in the course of 15 or 20 years subsequently to 1740 the more inviting sections of Monroe, Greenbrier, and Pocahontas were settled by a goodly number of enterprising families of the same type of people, inured to hardships and familiar with privations. These people had an experience of life along the frontier with its perilous emergencies for a period of thirty or more years of danger that developed strong elements of character along with a goodly degree of intellectual vigor. These people placed the highest value on education, and the advantages were limited they made the very best of their opportunities.

The Scotch-Irish trend of religious belief gives a high tone to the human intellect and awakens the highest aspirations of man's spirit nature; thus these early settlers had by inheritance the highest religious standard and the highest civilization of their times.  
All history teaches more or less plainly that God has established

His worship and the ordinances of the kingdom that is coming, to sustain and nourish the religious and intellectual life of His people. Now wherever these are wanting or neglected the religious or higher life becomes feeble. While, therefore, the pioneers of this region came from such an ancestry as has been described, with such inherited proclivities, it should not be considered strange the temptations of frontier life and the comparative destitution or neglect of religious ordinances resulted in much irreligion and consequent immorality. For all experience and observation go to show that when people of good parentage and of favorable opportunities do fall, they fall heavy and far. When people go back on their God there is nothing between them and the horrible pit and mirey clay of sensuality and of every hateful and hurtful propensity.  
Nevertheless be it remembered to their never to be forgotten praise, there were persons among our ancestors whose piety was as pure gold refined, and many homes were reared where genuine godliness was maintained. Many of these settlers endeavored to cherish the traditions of their covenanting ancestors and of the martyrs, whose blood stained many a beautiful vale in Scotland, and thus tried to live as worthy sons and daughters of an ancestry so worthy.

Now putting all that has appeared in these articles on applied history in review, we may learn something of the motives that impelled our ancestors to select their homes in this region.  
They possessed an energetic spirit that prompted them to desire a place where they could acquire a competency of earthly goods, so needful in times of disability and for the decrepitude of advancing years.  
These people came among the mountains seeking refuge from civil and religious wrongs, and have a sanctuary where God could be worshipped, none daring to molest or make them afraid.  
They felt it a duty to provide for their households, and here land was to be had in goodly portions and sufficient to locate sons and daughters near the parental home, so tenderly ardent wore their family affinities.  
These reflections on applied history are now submitted to our readers for their consideration, to be discussed in any way most in harmony with their opinions. The writer's ambition is that his people should have a history and a future likewise, that may be worthy of praise and emulation.

"Should critics say my work is bad,  
I won't indulge in wail or woe,  
I'll simply smile and go my way  
And say the critics do not know.  
"But should they pat me on the back  
And say they think my work immense  
I'll take a rosier view of life  
To think they show such rare good sense."

**A Foreigner from Arkansas.**  
"When I was on the bench," relates Judge J. J. DuBose, "we were once making up a special jury for a murder trial. The lawyers were examining the venire, and I was n't paying much attention to what was going on, till one of the lawyers attracted my attention by saying:  
"Your honor, this man is incompetent for jury service. He's a foreigner."  
"I looked at the man under examination and did n't think he looked like a foreigner. He looked any way like he was acclimated. So I asked him:  
"Have you ever been naturalized?"  
"No Sir," he answered.  
"And you say you're a foreigner and not naturalized? What country are you a native of?"  
"Arkansas."  
"Well, everybody in the courtroom laughed. I told the man he could go. He was n't much of a foreigner, but too much to sit on a jury in my court."—Memphis Scimitar.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Plaster for Rheumatism.

**ON THE DEFEAT OF THE KNOW-NOTHING PARTY.**  
The party was well known by the name of "Sam." This is sent us by the celebrated inventor, Mr. Jas. E. A. Gibbs, and was written for the Lewisburg Chronicle by him just after the election in the celebrated campaign of Henry A. Wise for governor of Virginia, against the effeminate Knownothing Party. The merchant referred to was Michael Gillan, of Mill Point, and his clerk was a young man by the name of Jamison, and the tailor Samuel Clark, whose family still reside at Hillsboro. The parody was headed as follows:

Mr Editor: The election is over, the battle fought and won, and the victory is ours. As a citizen of Pocahontas county I feel proud of the noble stand she has taken on the side of civil and religious liberty. When the first Knownothing council was formed at Mill Point, the editor of the New Era made the boast that they were bound to take the county before the election, and they have not failed for want of an effort, but like the mill-mill they counted their chickens before they were hatched, and have most signally failed, not being able to get one fifth of the vote of the county, their whole vote being only 103 out of 556 votes polled. Wise's majority in this county more than balanced the majority in Greenbrier county, which has more than double the number of votes. I send you the following parody on Burns' "Tam Samson's Elegy," which may not be inappropriate at this time:

Has our merchant lost his hats,  
Or his clerk failed in bets,  
Or is the tailor troubled with gnats,  
They look so bad,  
No worse than all. Oh cry and fret,  
For Sam is dead,  
Knownothings now may grunt and groan,  
And sigh and sob and grieve their lone  
And clothe themselves in mourning gown  
For their head,  
For death has robbed them of their crown.  
For Sam is dead.

The brethren of the secret brood,  
May hang their heads in woful mood,  
While by the nose the tears will flood,  
For fear and dread,  
Death has done their enemies good,  
For Sam is dead,  
When foreigners come across the sea,  
And flock upon our shores with glee,  
And Catholics are agreed to be  
By Bishops led,  
Who then will guard our liberty,  
For Sam is dead,  
He was the King of all the set,  
To brag or lie, or make a bet,  
That he would be ruler yet,  
At the nation's head,  
But there he now will never get,  
For Sam is dead,  
Now safe the democracy may rest,  
And foreigners may come to the land  
of the west,  
And Catholics to their priest confess,  
By conscience led,  
For we are rid of one great pest,  
For Sam is dead,  
Rejoice ye manly patriots now,  
Ye honest whigs and democrats too,  
You can now vote your ticket through,  
Without dread,  
Your mortal foe can nothing do,  
For Sam is dead,  
That glorious morn the 24th of May,  
Saw him at the polls in great array,  
While patriots stood in bold array,  
Themselves to rid,  
This boasting knave's petted sway,  
And Sam is dead,  
In vain they brag about their wondrous  
In vain they tell their power and numbers,  
In vain they tried to bring us under,  
And have us led,  
For now they have to own their blunders,  
For Sam is dead,  
O'er many a weary mile he walked,  
On many a "Wise" subject talked,  
Till common sense behind him stalked,  
And unraveled his head,  
Now in the embrace of death he's locked  
Great Sam is dead,  
When at his heart he felt he dagger,  
He yelled his wanted hostile swagger,  
But yet he drew the mortal trigger,  
A useless deed,  
103, he cried, and o'er did stagger,  
Poor Sam is dead,  
Each demagogue now mourns a brother  
Each secret plotter bemoans a father,  
The list of votes when brought together  
Makes them pale with dread,  
While we rejoice with one another,  
That Sam is dead,  
There he lies in unhonored rest;  
Perhaps upon his mouldering breast,  
Some spiteful Democrat may jest,  
Of what he said,  
Alas, no man he'll then molest,  
For Sam is dead,  
When patriots come across the wave,  
And Catholics wander by his grave,  
Three volleys let his memory rave,  
Of powder and lead;  
Till echo answers from her cave,  
That Sam is dead,  
Death, hold him fast who's 'ere he be,  
Is the wish of many more than me,  
He had great faults, more than three.

**AN ANTI-SAM.**  
The Man from Boston.  
Englishmen are often surprised at the rapidity with which the and downs of life pursue each other on this continent. Poor as become rich, and rich men become poor, which amazes our more conservative cousins. Not long ago young Englishman illustrated the point by a story which has found its way into the New York Tribune.

"In Texas, said he, I made the acquaintance of a well-dressed and well-educated Bostonian. He was traveling for a manufacturer of agricultural machinery, and although he put on some airs, he talked very agreeably. We happened to be in Bowie, Missouri County, where we were approached by a rough looking rancher, and stopping in acquaintance on the shoulder, asked him to drink. The hardy traveler declined haughtily, saying: "Excuse me, sir. I never drink with strangers."  
"Oh, we are not exactly strangers, pardner," returned the cheer Texan. "I remember when you were through here last summer I was never here before in my life, sir," answered the drumm with offended dignity.  
Just then two more Texans came in, and the first one turned to the for corroboration.  
"Haven't we seen this gentleman before?" he asked.  
Looking the man over, the other two said:  
"Sure, Bill. He was through here last summer, leading a damned bear."  
And in spite of my Boston friend's denial, I found out that the Texans were right.

**An Exception.**  
"Woman, as a rule," remarked the cynical bachelor, "are given exaggerations."  
"But there are exceptions to rules, you know," said the spinster.  
"True," replied the O. B., "the exception to this is when they talk about their own age."—Chicago News.

**Saved His Wife.**  
Mr C. E. Henderson, Poolville, Texas, writes us as follows: "My wife had been troubled many years with constipation. She had nearly all kinds of remedies, but failed to receive any benefit. She tried Ramon's Pills and Dr. Pellets, sold here by W. I. Bullington. She is now in better health than for a long time. We use other.

W. I. Bullington, Druggist, Poolville, Texas, July 17, 1899. I more of your Liver Pills and Dr. Pellets than of all others combined and I handle fifteen or twenty different kinds of pills.

**Crushed Him.**  
The Shoe Clerk—Beg your pardon, madam, but is a number of shoe you want, instead of a number three.  
She—Number five? You must be thinking of the size of your—New York Press.

**How's This?**  
We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. C. HENNEY & Co., Toledo.  
We, the undersigned have known J. Cheney for the last fifteen years believe him honorable in all business transactions and financially able to try out any obligation made by the West & Truxax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.  
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.  
Sold by druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Notice to Trespassers.**  
Notice is hereby given that I do not want any trespassing in any way whatever on the lands known as the home place of Wm. E. Keed, nor on the lands known as the home place of J. B. Keed, nor on any one found trespassing in any way whatever will be dealt with according to law.  
S. M. APPERSO,  
per J. R. APPERSO.

"This is a grave error," remarked the undertaker when he found that he had buried the wrong in the wrong lot.—Record.  
Oom Paul must have the kin whiskers necessary to beard the lion in his den.—Philadelphia Record.  
A fat purse is a pretty thing to lean upon.—Ex.